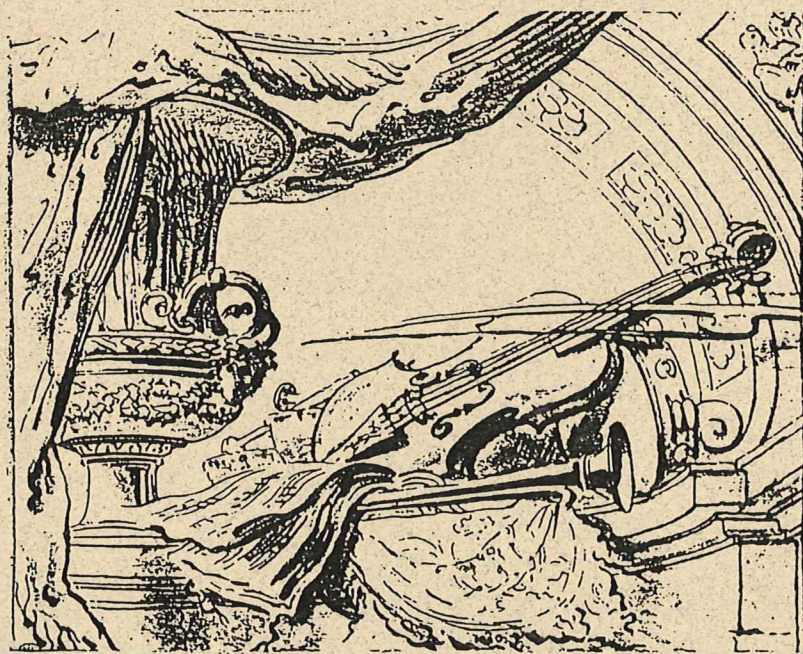


FACULTY OF MUSIC UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Pierre Hétu, conductor



Friday, October 8, 1993

8 pm

MacMillan Theatre

Edward Johnson Building

PROGRAMME

Serenade no. 6 in D major K. 239

Serenata Notturna

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756 - 1791)

Marcia - Maestoso

Menuetto - Trio

Rondo - Allegretto - Adagio - Allegro

String Quartet, Strings and Timpani

Variaciones Concertantes

Alberto Ginastera

(1916 - 1983)

Tema per Violoncello ed Arpa

Interludio per Corde

Variazione giocosa per Flauto

Variazione in modo di Scherzo per Clarinetto

Variazione drammatica per Viola

Variazione canonica per Oboe e Fagotto

Variazione ritmica per Trombe e Trombone

Variazione in modo di Moto Perpetuo per Violino

Variazione pastorale per Corno

Interludio per Fiati

Represa del Tema per Contrabasso ed Arpa

Variazione finale in modo di Rondo per Orchestra

❖ ❖ INTERMISSION ❖ ❖

Symphony no. 3 in E flat major Op. 55

Eroica

Ludwig van Beethoven

(1770 - 1827)

Allegro con brio

Funeral March - Adagio assai

Scherzo - Allegro vivace

Finale - Allegro molto - Poco Andante - Presto

The University of Toronto Symphony Orchestra

Strings

Mozart: Serenade no. 6 in D major K. 239

Serenata Notturna

String Quartet, Strings and Tympani
(String Quartet: Two violins, viola and bass)

Violin I

Andrea Bray (solo)
Elissa Lee
James Aylesworth
Miki Tsunoda
Asako Matsuya
Stephanie Numan
Amanda Lee
Colin Ryckman

Violin II

Sydney Chun (solo)
Tomaki Kobayashi
Etsuko Kimura
Sophia Holmes
Sheilanne Lindsay
Sophia Kim

Cello

John Marshman (Principal)
Mary-Katherine Finch
Lois Chia
Alexis Allen

Viola

Richard Lee (solo)
Sun Young Lee
Andrea Kerr
Tony Leong

Double Bass

Patrick McPhail (solo)

Tympani

Thomas Brett



Alberto Ginastera: Variaciones Concertantes

Violin I

Miki Tsunoda (Concert Master)
Sydney Chun
Tomaki Kobayashi
Colin Ryckman
Sophia Holmes
James Swan
James Aylesworth
Maria Nenoïu
Amanda Lee
Sophia Kim

Violin II

Asako Matsuya (Principal)
Andrea Bray
Elissa Lee
Stephanie Numan
Sheilanne Lindsay
Cecelia Chang
Colin Wrubleski
Deanna Vardy

Viola

Richard Lee (Principal)
Sun Young Lee
Tony Leong
Andrea Kerr
Etsuko Kimura

Cello

Mary-Katherine Finch (Principal)
John Marshman
Lois Chia
Alexis Allen
Man Keung Ngai
Cheryl Ockrant

Double Bass

Tom Artiss (Principal)
Patrick McPhail
Wayne Schmidt
Ron Rush

Harp

Sanya Eng (Principal)
Julia Seager



NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Lieder by Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel Sehnsucht (Longing)

Johann Gustav Droysen

- 1) Farther and farther away fades the song of the dance. All is silent around me. Only in my full heart is there no peace yet.
- 2) Listen! night hovers in the sky. Her robe rustles softly through the trees.
Thus my passionate wishes and dreams roam the world.

Verlust (Loss) Heinrich Heine

And if the little flowers knew how deeply wounded my heart is, they would weep with me to heal my pain.
And if the nightingales knew how sad and sick I am, they would happily sing out their refreshing song.
And if the little stars knew my pain,
they would come down from the sky and comfort me. None of them can know; only one person knows my pain.
He himself tore my heart in pieces.

Die Nonne (The Nun)

anr idw Uh

the queenly girl was walking. The moon shone dimly: on her eyelash hung a tear of love.

2) "I am happy that my true love has died! Now I may love him again, for he will be an angel, and may sing!"

3) She hesitantly approached the image of Mary; it shone and looked down maternally on the pure girl.

4) She sank down before the statue and gazed upward with heavenly peace until her eyes closed in death; her veil fluttered down.

Italien (Italy)

Franz Grillparzer

1) More and more beautiful is the countryside; enticing breezes blow toward me. Away from prosaic burdens and troubles!
I am going to the land of poesy. The sun is more golden, the sky bluer, nature is greener, fragrances are spicier!

2) Next to the stalk of grain, swelling with sap, the rugged aloe plant struggles upward.
Pale olive tree and dark cypress, are you not nodding like lovely ladies in greeting?

What is shining there in the foliage, sparkling like gold? Ah, pomegranate, are you hiding there?

3) Defiant god of the North Sea, are you the same one who, down here, murmurs and plays so sweetly?

Is this the same sea, smooth as a meadow, bright as the sky, that is fearsome in the north? Here I want to live!

You divine Siren, Naples, can you calm the waves? Now try whether, in this delightful Eden, you can also calm my emotions!

NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Five Poems by Mathilde Wesendonk

1. The Angel

In the early days of childhood
 I often heard that there were angels
 who would exchange the sublime bliss of heaven
 for the sun of earth:
 that, when a sorrowful heart timidly
 languishes, hidden from the world,
 that, when it is silently bleeding to death,
 and pining away in streams of tears,
 that, when its prayer ardently
 entreats only for salvation,
 then the angel floats downward,
 and lifts it gently toward heaven.
 Yes, even for me an angel descended,
 and on shining plumage
 he now carries my spirit
 far from every sorrow, heavenward!

2. Stand Still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
 you measurer of eternity;
 you shining spheres in the vast universe,
 that encircle the earthly globe;
 all-eternal creation, cease,
enough of becoming, let me be!
 Halt, procreating power,

3. In the Hothouse

High-arched crowns of leaves,
 canopies of emerald,
 you children from distant regions,
 tell me, why do you grieve?
 Silently you incline your branches,
 you trace signs in the air,
 and, mute witness of sorrows,
 sweet scent rises upward.
 Wide, in yearning desire,
 you spread your arms,
 and in the bonds of delusion you embrace
 the futile horror of a desolate void.
 Indeed, I know it, poor plant:
 We share one destiny;
 although bathed in light and radiance,
 our homeland is not here!
 And as the sun gladly departs
 from the empty illusion of the day,
 he who truly suffers
 envelops himself in the obscurity of silence.
 It grows still, a rustling movement
 timidly fills the dark room.
 I see heavy drops hanging
 on the green fringe of the leaves.

original purpose, which forever creates!
Still the breathing, still the craving
be silent for only a second!
Quickening pulse, restrain the beat;
end, eternal day of the will!
so that in blissful, sweet forgetfulness
I may taste of all raptures!
When eye drinks ecstatically in eye,
soul is swallowed up entirely in soul;
essence in essence finds itself again,
and the end of all expectation is proclaimed;
lips fall mute in astonished silence,
no further desire will the soul engender,
man perceives the sign of eternity,
and solves your mystery, holy nature!

4. Sorrows

Sun, every evening you weep
your lovely eyes red,
when, bathing in the mirror of the sea,
your early death arrives;
but you arise in ancient splendor,
glory of the gloomy world,
in the morning, newly awakened,
like a proud, victorious hero!
Ah, why then should I grieve,
why, my heart, see you so heavy,
if the sun itself must despair,
if the sun must perish?
and if death only gives birth to life,
if sorrows only yield delights:
oh, how grateful I am that nature
has granted me such sorrows!

5. Dreams

Tell me, what wonderful dreams
hold my soul captive,
that have not, like empty bubbles,
vanished into bleak nothingness?
Dreams which every hour
every day, blossom more beautifully,
and with their message from heaven
move blissfully through my soul?
Dreams which like sublime rays
are absorbed in the soul,
there to paint an eternal image:
forgetfulness of all, remembrance of one!
Dreams, as when the spring sun
kisses the blossoms out of the snow,
so that to never-suspected bliss
the new day welcomes them,
so that they grow, bloom,
dreamingly diffuse their scent,
softly die away on your breast
and then sink into the grave.

NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Chansons de Bilitis (Songs of Bilitis)
Pierre Louÿs

1. THE FLUTE OF PAN

For Hyacinthus day
 he has given me a pipe
 made of well-cut reeds,
 bound with white wax
 that is sweet to my lips
 like honey.

He teaches me to play, sitting on his
 knee;
 but I am a little tremulous.
 He plays it after me,
 so softly that I scarcely hear it.

We have nothing to say,
 so close are we to each other;
 But our songs wish to respond
 and from time to time our mouths
 join upon the flute.

It is late;
 here is the song of the green frogs
 that begins at nightfall.

My mother will never believe

2. THE TRESSES OF HAIR

He said to me:
 'Tonight I dreamed,
 I had the tresses of your hair around
 my neck.

I had your hair like a black circlet
 around the nape of my neck and on
 my breast.
 I caressed it and it was my own;
 and we were united for ever thus,

by the same tresses mouth upon
 mouth,
 like two laurels that often have but
 one root.

And little by little, it seemed to me,
 so intermingled were our limbs,
 that I became part of you
 or you entered into me like my
 dream.'

When he had done,
 he put his hands gently on my

3. THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

Along the wood covered with frost,
 I walked;
 my hair, hanging down before my
 mouth,

was bespangled with little icicles,
 and my sandals were heavy
 with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?'
 — 'I follow the track of the satyr.
 His little cloven hoof marks alternate
 like holes in a white mantle.'

He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.
 The satyrs and the nymphs too.

For thirty years there has not been so
 terrible a winter.

The track that you see is that of a
 buck.

But let us stay here, where their
 tomb is.'

And with the iron of his spade
 he broke the ice of the spring where

Tel Jour Telle Nuit (Such a Day Such a Night)
Paul Eluard

1. A GOOD DAY...

A good day I have again seen whom I
do not forget
whom I shall never forget
and women fleeing by whose eyes
formed for me a hedge of honour
they wrapped themselves in their
smiles

a good day I have seen my friends
carefree
the men were light in weight
one who passed by
his shadow changed into a mouse
fled into the gutter

I have seen the great wide sky
the beautiful eyes of those deprived
of everything
distant shore where no one lands

a good day which began mournfully
dark under the green trees
but which suddenly drenched with
dawn
invaded my heart unawares.

2. A RUIN AN EMPTY SHELL...

A ruin an empty shell
weeps into its apron
the children who play around it
make less sound than flies
the ruin goes groping
to seek its cows in the meadow
I have seen the day I see that
without shame

It is midnight like an arrow
in a heart within reach
of the sprightly nocturnal
glimmerings
which gainsay sleep.

3. THE BROW LIKE A
LOST FLAG...

The brow like a lost flag
I drag you when I am alone
through the cold streets
the dark rooms
crying in misery

I do not want to let them go
your clear and complex hands
born in the enclosed mirror of my
own

all the rest is perfect
all the rest is even more useless
than life

hollow the earth beneath your
shadow

a sheet of water reaching the breasts
wherein to drown oneself
like a stone.

He took some big, cold pieces,
and raising them towards the pallid
y
he looked through them.

a look.
...at I loved my eyes with a river.

NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Tel Jour Telle Nuit (Such a Day Such a Night)
Paul Eluard

4. A GYPSY WAGON ROOFED
 WITH TILES...

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles
 the horse dead a child master
 thinking his brow blue with hatred
 of two breasts beating down upon
 him
 like two fists

this melodrama tears away from us
 the sanity of the heart.

5. RIDING FULL TILT...

Riding full tilt you whose phantom
 prances at night on a violin
 come to reign in the woods
 the lashings of the tempest
 seek their path by way of you
 you are not of those
 whose desires one imagines

come drink a kiss here
 surrender to the fire which drives
 you to despair.

7. I LONG ONLY TO
 LOVE YOU...

I long only to love you
 a storm fills the valley
 a fish the river

I have formed you to the pattern of
 my solitude
 the whole world to hide in
 days and nights to understand one
 another

8. IMAGE OF FIERY WILD
 FORCEFULNESS...

Image of fiery wild forcefulness
 black hair wherein the gold flows
 towards the south
 on corrupt nights
 engulfed gold tainted star
 in a bed never shared

to the veins of the temples
 as to the veins of the breasts

6. SCANTY GRASS...

Scanty grass
 wild
 appeared in the snow
 it was health
 my mouth marvelled
 at the savour of pure air it had
 it was withered.

9. WE HAVE MADE NIGHT* ...

We have made night I hold your
 hand I watch over you
 I sustain you with all my strength
 I engrave on a rock the star of your
 strength

deep furrows where the goodness of
 your body will germinate
 I repeat to myself your secret voice
 your public voice
 I laugh still at the haughty woman
 whom you treat like a beggar
 at the fools whom you respect the
 simple fool in whom you in-
 yourself

to see nothing more in your eyes
but I think of you
and of a world in your likeness

life denies itself
no or blind eyes
drink their brilliance or their tears
the blood above them triumphs for
itself alone

and of days and nights ordered by
your eyelids.

intractable unbounded
useless
this health builds a prison.

and in my head which gently begins
harm with its will
night
I marvel at the stranger that you
become

a stranger resembling you resembling
all that I love
which is ever new.

★ We have turned out the light

Charles Ives, ever the eclectic and the experimenter wrote a large number of stylistically diverse songs. While he often set his own texts--"Two Little Flowers", "Slugging a Vampire", "The Circus Band"--he also was inspired by the works of master poets. "Evening" is an excerpt from Milton's Paradise Lost and "From Paracelsus" is a pastiche of lines from Browning's lengthy dramatic poem Paracelsus. Text, for Ives, sometimes even stimulates a musical homage such as his light-hearted tribute to Chopin in "Grove, Rove". Ives found the passage quoted in an essay by Leigh Hunt and said "when it is attached to music it becomes a 'Morceau du Coeur'-a 'Romanzo di Central Park' or an 'Intermezzo Table d'Hote'". Silly, evocative, sly, densely layered, moralistic, sentimental and life-affirming, Ives' songs provide an entertaining and intriguing glimpse into the mind of one of music's true originals.

The Ballad of Princess Caraboo, with words by Elizabeth Brewster, was composed in 1983 and relates the true story (!) of a young woman who responded to her limited 19th century options in a very unique way.

Ludwig van Beethoven: Symphony no.3 in E flat major, Op. 55
Eroica

Violin I

Andrea Bray (Concert Master)
Elissa Lee
Miki Tsunoda
Maria Nenoïu
Sophia Holmes
James Swan
Sheilanne Lindsay
Cecelia Chang
Colin Wrubleski
Tomaki Kobayashi

Violin II

Sydney Chun (Principal)
James Aylesworth
Etsuko Kimura
Colin Ryckman
Amanda Lee
Stephanie Numan
Sophia Kim
Deanna Vardy
David Imastounian
Marina Zelter

Viola

Richard Lee (Principal)
Sun Young Lee
Tony Leong
Andrea Kerr
Asako Matsuya

Cello

Mary-Katherine Finch (Principal)
John Marshman
Man Keung Ngai
Lois Chia
Alexis Allen
Cheryl Ockrant
Dong Sheng

Double Bass

Tom Artiss (Principal)
Patrick McPhail
Wayne Schmidt
Ron Rush
Reuven Rothman
Dan Found



Winds

	<u>Beethoven</u>	<u>Ginastera</u>
Flute	Kate Anderson Anna Marshall	Carolyn Zeyl Lisa Norman
Piccolo		Kate Anderson
Oboe	Lynda Wulkan Gillian Howard	Lynda Wulkan
Clarinet	Shalom Bard Susan Elliot	Sigal Hechtlinger Donella Dueck
Bassoon	Katie Legere-Smith Christine Cardinal	Katie Legere-Smith
Horn	Jason Galamaga Gina Patterson Gabe Radford Rebecca Davies (Assistant)	Gina Patterson Gabe Radford
Trumpet	Andrew Chung Monika McNamara	Andrew Chung
Trombone		William Carn
Tympani	Ryan Scott	Christine Huang



Tonight's Conductor

Pierre Hétu, born in Montreal, graduated in music at the Conservatoire de Montréal and at the Music Department of the Université de Montréal. He studied conducting in Paris and spent three consecutive summers at the Chigiana Music Academy in Sienna, Italy. In 1961 he won the first prize of the International Competition for Conductors in Besançon, France, after which he spent one year in Vienna at the Music Academy. He also studied with Charles Munch in Tanglewood and in Düsseldorf with Jean Martinon.

In 1963 he was appointed Assistant Conductor of the Montreal Symphony. In 1968 he became the Music Director of the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra, and two years later, accepted the post of Associate Conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. From 1973 to 1980 he was the Music Director of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra. Since 1980, Mr. Hétu has continued his guest conducting with major Canadian orchestras across North America and has taught conducting both privately and in master classes. Pierre Hétu is now Associate Professor and the resident conductor of the University of Toronto Symphony Orchestra.



This concert is being recorded
for future broadcast on
CJRT FM 91.1 Radio



~~~~~  
The University of Toronto Symphony Orchestra  
&  
The University Symphony Chorus  
join in a  
**Centenary Celebration Concert**  
in Remembrance of  
**Sir Ernest MacMillan**  
(1893 - 1973)  
hear  
MacMillan's *Song of Deliverance*  
& excerpts of  
*England: An Ode*  
along with  
Elgar's *Serenade for Strings, Op. 21*  
Bach's *Chorale: Be near me Lord*  
& Morawetz's *Variations on a Bach Chorale*  
**Friday, October 29**  
**8 pm**  
Tickets \$10/\$5 - Box Office 978-3744  
~~~~~

❖ ❖ **Concert Date Change** ❖ ❖
The University of Toronto Symphony Chorus & Orchestra
Thursday, March 31, 1994
changed to:
Wednesday, March 30, 1994

MacMillan Theatre
Fred Perruzza, Director of Theatre Operations
Chris Brooks, Technical Assistant
James Fulton, Production Assistant